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A

SELECT COMPOSITION
OF ORIGINAL
POETICAL PIECES,
SERIOUS and COMIC.

By ROBERT RUSTED, *R*

Author of a MONODY on the Death of Mr. J. D. COLLIER,
printed at Paris.

Song-writing and Chaunting so common are grown,
Each Day there's a Ditty to charm the dull Town;
And since that Mankind is with Writing possess'd,
I think for to scribble as well as the best.

Quid semper est rectum est.

POPE.

THE SECOND EDITION.

L O N D O N :

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THE BRITISH MUSEUM

OF NATURAL HISTORY

FOR THE HISTORY OF MAN

AND THE PRESENT STATE OF THE WORLD

(1)



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SELECT COMPOSITION
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POETICAL PIECES.

A RAMBLE to the MANSION-HOUSE BALL. In a
Letter to W—M L—NO, Esq, at BATH.

DEAR WILL,

YOUR pardon I crave, nay, beseech and implore,

For my breach of neglect by not scribb'ling before;
But to tell you the truth, tho' you'll guess what I mean;

I was seiz'd t'other night with a fit o'the spleen;
But being grown passionate fond of a dance,
In hopes my dull spirits thro' life to advance;
Being fully resolv'd not my mind to enthrall
Must needs take a trip to the Mansion House Ball;
Where the noise and confusion so injur'd my brain,
That I never shall pay 'em a visit again.

A 2

There

There was chambermaids, milliners, coxcombs and
 beaux,
 Fat citizens wives in their holiday cloaths;
 Mantua-makers, hair-dressers, bucks, bloods, and
 dull fools,
 City 'prentices dancing and cap'ring like mules.
 There was prudes and coquets, bankers clerks of
 renown,
 Great Macs in abundance, well known on the
 town;
 Pimps, bullies and cynics, in numbers were seen,
 Like woodcocks so wise, or like spinnage so green.
 There was fine-weather'd fops, city wives and their
 daughters,
 Cooks, waiters and wits, who to learning were
 martyrs;
 Poets, panders and critics, grave aldermen wife,
 Help'd to fill the dull scene which the learned de-
 spise;
 And tho' my Lord's house was so full of great
 Macs,
 They pay'd no obedience to great H—l—x.
 Male and female, wise, foolish, blind, dumb, rich
 and poor,
 In short, such queer mortals was ne'er seen before;
 Some roaring and shouting for bumpers of wine,
 Others tasting, declaring it wond'rous fine;
 Some passing for emperors, princes and kings,
 For fops let me tell ye are strange sort of things;
 Some strutting in quempo, in swords, rings and bags,
 Not an hour before being pensive in rags.
 Such vulgar expressions, and smart repartees,
 Cou'dn't fail all the nymphs of St. Giles's to please;
 Bon mots flew about like bees from a hive,
 For to see such politeness who wou'dn't contrive.

Quite

Quite sick of their folly, and simple delusion,
 I stopp'd both my ears to avoid the confusion;
 Sat still for a moment, but hearing a noise
 Of something like music to heighten my joys;
 Tho' discord I mean, which to hear who'd pre-
 sume,

So I left 'em and stepp'd into t'other great room.
 Bless my stars, what a group of fine ladies was here!
 Some ogling, some glancing, and looking quite
 queer;

And to tell the truth, tho' you'll think it a sin,
 I verily thought they'd been drinking of gin;
 But casting my eye just across to the right,
 Thought I saw the dear rib of Sir W—k—n the
 Knight;

Tho' glancing it sideways, perceiv'd my mistake,
 For it prov'd to be, who? why, the lovely M—fs
 D—ke;

Surrounded by beaux, with their phizes quite odd,
 Bawling, demme, she's handsome, she's ugly b—
 G—d;

An angel, a goddess, nay, that I defy;
 A head like a Grecian; no, demme, ye l—.
 Such Billingsgate language, mere bubbles of air,
 No honour reflects on the worthy L—d M—r;
 And to stop the dull phrases in order to check 'em,
 Had a great mind to speak to great Alderman ——.
 But while I was musing with countenance serious,
 Discover'd the form of the grand L—y M—rfs;
 Quite full of congees, she began to advance,
 Which led me to think she had travell'd to France;
 Nay, some do affirm, her ambition as such is,
 In point of conceit, a queen, countess, or duchess;
 For pride insignificant, manners less witty,
 Reside in the breasts of the folks in the city.

On she came like a princess, tho' not quite so great,
 Imitating a queen when existing in state;
 And to cobblers, friseurs, sons of dullness and
 trade,

Her budget of compliments wittily pay'd.
 So if this be the fruits of a ball, I declare,
 Heavens keep me for ever from being L—d M—r.
 C——n Counc—lm—n next, common coxcombs
 I mean,

In various conditions were wretchedly seen;
 Full of emptiness all, and to gluttony slaves,
 Mere wretches at learning, dull blockheads and
 k——;

Displaying their breeding in terms light and small,
 'Tis a pity they ever should sit in G—dh—.

Some roar, others rally, with glasses brimful,
 Success to all Wilkites and Al—m—n B—ll.

Some on the ground sprawling, and casting ac-
 counts;

So by fractions, you see, simple int'rest amounts.

Wine wasting, oaths falling, abusing each other,
 Bowls cracking on this side, heads breaking th' other;

Chairs, glasses, and tables, began for to rattle,

And, Cochran-like, got preparing for battle:

Some highly disputing concerning the ball,

And, tho' talking fast, saying nothing at all.

From hence I decamp'd to a place, tho' not small,

Ægyptian I think is the name of the Hall.

Jews, fops, and Philistines, Ægyptians were here,

Some of Pharaoh's lean kine, mad as Garrick in
 Lear.

In this land of Egypt (for so I shall phrase it)

Sat Al—m—n C——, like Gregory Gazette;

And as I stood up 'mongst the wrestling of silks,

Just cast a sheep's eye upon saucy Jack W——;

Full

Full of mightiness—he, with a sq—t and a grin,
 With freedom and liberty mark'd on his chin;
 His magical eye seem'd to favour the talk,
 Of mighty L—d H—e at the taking New-York.
 Poor soul! made himself and the citizens sick,
 Since Chamb—n H—k—s had given him a kick.
 For backing press-warrants T—m H—y's the
 man,

Sat as drunk as a prince, with his bottle and can,
 Inviting his Dep—ty — to sing,
 Success to his country, himself, and his king.
 But buz universal quite thro' the hall run,
 And the clock, let me see, oh was just striking one;
 When the ladies (who all to be sober incline)
 Had made rather free with the juice of the vine;
 And thinking to be too precise was a sin,
 Got playing at whist for a quartern of gin;
 And since from their cuckolds they'd got out
 o' doors,

Wou'd play, who's afraid, both at put and all
 fours:

Thus feather'd-head ladies, in shuttle-cock taste,
 With hips plann'd of cork to great Bacchus lay
 waste.

Confusion began now to rage, burn, and roar,
 There was, sir, you're a rogue, and your partner's
 a w—e;

The bucks fell to fighting, the glasses got broke,
 The Mac's fell a swearing, to heighten the joke;
 The fops fell a trembling, the ladies to squeaking,
 The critics got laughing, the Al——n shrieking;
 The music play'd up, such a discord was there,
 The D-v-l himself would have dreaded their fare.
 Oh ye Gods, what a scene! what a heaven-born sight!
 A droll Masquerade, quite a Jubilee night.

What

What a group of odd mortals, queer, cunning, and
witty,

Belong to this wonderful, glorious City !

If Bedlam's up-h'd as a scene of confusion,

This bore a resemblance, a striking allusion ;

Cheapside, Lombard-street, of their puppies were
drain'd,

Nay Cornhill, for want of her monkeys, complain'd ;

The Ludgate-hill geniusses, lads of the Ton,

Hither sallied to see how politeness came on ;

Each alley and lane, with apartments endear'd,

Of the milliners girls, and their Dickey's was
clear'd ;

Each snuff-taking nymph, with a pittance quite
small,

Got a ticket to come to the Mansion-house Ball.

****, the barber, from Bridge-street, here puffing
arrives,

With bag and sword borrow'd, who married two
wives ;

Nan the orange-girl too, tho' you'll think it quite
strange,

That her oranges vends at the Royal Exchange,

Gain'd admittance at two, and to dance did'nt flinch,

In Cl-m—t's Lane taste, with little J—k — ;

Young S—y, the surg—n, from Bishopsgate-street,

Came blinking ; a maker of cuckolds compleat.

And to heighten the frolic, I hereby declare,

Five butchers from Leadenhall market was there.

Now the chimes at the 'Change was a tuning for
three,

'Twas in consequence late, bed the best place for
me ;

But I sit myself down, for I hate much controul,

And a bumper toss'd off from a full brimming bowl ;

Put

Put my hand in my pock, one glove being on,
 To feel for my snuff-box, but found it was gone :
 So I'll venture to say, without making a brawl,
 They was not all honest that came to the ball,
 So I got up, went out, took my leave of 'em all ; }
 Protesting, declaring, at quitting the scene,
 To go there no more to be cur'd o' the spleen ;
 Call'd a coach, sallied home, full as wise as before,
 Still vowing to enter my L—d's house no more ;
 Took pen, ink, and paper, and faithfully pen'd,
 What here, 'Squire William, I faithfully send ;
 Yet hoping next time I transmit ye a letter,
 To write on a subject more pleasing and better.
 Pray give my respects, and acquaint 'Squire L—,
 Mankind's still as simple as simple can be ;
 The ladies are madning, tho' that's nothing new,
 But now let me think on't, I'll bid y' adieu :
 Know then, I remain, sir, with all due submission,
 Your slave most devoted, in ev'ry condition.
 What next shall I say ? oh, obsequies adjusted,
 Remaining still, what ? why your humble,

BOB RUSTED.

An ADDRESS to Mr. FOOTE.

PLAYERS, like poets, 'tis a common rule,
 Oft sport with nature, and oft play the fool.
 Thus Aristophanes, a man of mimic praise,
 For some few years with credit wore the bays.
 Alas, how chang'd ! the man, as stories tell,
 Like Milton's angels, into chaos fell ;
 Destructive vengeance hurl'd upon his head,
 The town all knew him, and his sentence read :
 Silent he sunk, soft as the green-roon mouse,
 And to a Coleman vends his summer house.

Smirk,

Smirk, Shift, and Squintum, Sturgeon, Mother
Cole,

All felt his satire, smart, and wond'rous droll :
But say, ye learn'd, who'd not the man detest,
"That stabs his friend before he'll lose his jest?"
Hold up mankind to public ridicule,
With Kingston's duchess ne'er could play the fool.
'Twas sport to him, death to th' unerring one;
His audience bawl'd, oh F——e, 'tis glorious fun!
Judges of nonsense, lost in reason's cause,
Unskill'd in science and dramatic laws;
On all mankind this emblem should rely,
That step-dame Nature binds the social tie;
Who breaks its force to pity ne'er lay claim,
But rolls of infamy be sacred to his name.
Impartial here, in candid terms at large,
I call on F——e as sov'reign of the charge;
And vote him this, from Nature deep design'd
To plot no more, and ridicule mankind:
With nobler deeds suspend the public talk,
Examine Self, and quote his limb of cork.

*The SANDMAN, as sung at the MASQUERADE at
SOHO.*

AS thro' Cheapside full trot went sandman Joe,
With ballaams five distinctly in a row,
His cart well fill'd with sand, both red and white,
Bags, shovels, measures, 'twas a glorious sight.
Great George himself that mounts the British throne,
Was ne'er more great in soul than Joe be't known;
He knows no care, but drives thro' thick and thin,
And Wilkes's eye oft wets with royal gin.
None dare oppose this self-same sandman Joe,
When thro' Cheapside was balling "white sand ho."
"Halloo!"

“Halloo! you fir! turn that blind afs out of
“Guildhall. Hit him S—wb—ge, kick him
“W—ks.”

I’m Joey the fandman, a buck rum and queer,
A kiddy well known in the county;
With fand red and white, yes, I serve my Lord
Mayor,
And often partake of his bounty.

“Halloo, countryman, where are you driving
“your waggon? Mind my asses, don’t take off
“one of your wheels. Gee ho, H—rl—y; come
“along, N—th; Go on H—pk—ns. Here’s tip
“ye the Newmarket trot and the Barnet gallop.
“Up and down, down and up; oh most glorious
“H—rl—y, a second Gimcrack. I intend to offer
“him at the next meeting in Guildhall for a city
“plate, though he’s lame and blind, demme.—
“White fand ho.”

I’m always chearful, blythe and gay,
But when I with my Nan part;
I smack’d her lips the other day,
When driving of my fand cart.

“Last Tuesday morning in the afternoon, as I
“was driving my fand cart up Cornhill and down
“Cheapside, I met my L—d M—r’s state coach;
“d—mn me, says I, I’ll capsize that, so I whips
“up H—rl—y, rumps N—th, and touches H—p-
“k—ns o’er the fore place, which set ’em pulling
“with ministerial vengeance; however, H—pk—ns
“dragg’d so hard, that he pull’d off the hind
“wheels, and down went W—kes, damme. Why,
“there

" there now ; yes, there now ; splice my vitals ;
 " slice me like a lemon if I don't match H—r—
 " l—y with e'er a Jacobite in the three king-
 " doms, tho' he's cyder sick, split me.—White
 " sand ho."

Genteel is Nan and plump her waist,
 She's form'd for barrow wheeling ;
 Here's grapes a groat a pound, come taste,
 So fond she is of dealing.

White sand ho.

J O E, *solus.*

" I am Joe the sandman, custos rotulorum of
 " the city ; white's the black of my eye. I'll wipe
 " off the national debt. Whereabouts is Bunker's
 " Hill ? Confusion to press warrants and captain
 " K——. None of your court shuffling for me.
 " I say, if the k—g wants money I'll raise it at
 " 50l. *per cent.* Liberty and Wilkes for ever.
 " Here's settle the grand dispute. Gee ho N—,
 " come along M—f—d, go on B—te, wo hu hut
 " Charles F—x ; if you want driving, I'll drive
 " you. You sir, turn those asses right ; hit 'em
 " B—ke, kick 'em B—rre, flog 'em S——, if
 " his M——ty shou'd be in want of any beastesses
 " to drag him to the p——nt h——se, all my
 " asses are at his service.—White sand ho."

Oh the time when sandman Joe,
 With his asses led the van ;
 Gee up blind Jack, gee ho,
 Come along you bunter Nan.

Wilkes

Wilkes was then the city king,
 Great as Cæsar full of glee;
 Modern patriots would sing
 Hymns to Wilkes and liberty.

RECITATIVE.

Thus sandman Joe driving his well fill'd cart,
 Display'd the language of his downy heart;
 Soft eloquence quite philosophic flew,
 Such glorious strains blind Milton never knew:
 Thrice happy man, that with content abounds,
 When thro' Cheapside, he takes his morning rounds;
 Maids, wives and widows, buys his white sand ho,
 And bless the name of glorious sandman Joe.

In his low and humble state,
 Envys not the rich and great;
 With content and health imprest,
 Kings wou'd wish to be so blest.
 In bawling, calling, "white sand ho,"
 Who can vie with sandman Joe.

*An ELEGY, sacred to the Memory of Mr. J. D.
 COLLIER, and ANN his Wife, who perished in the
 Flames, Feb. 18, 1772, at their House in Bishopsgate Street.*

YE murmuring brooks, ye silver purling streams,
 Suspend a while your sempiternal themes;
 Cease, Boreas, cease, to wing the mazy deep,
 Stand still a while, and with me deign to weep;
 Quench with your tears the horrors as they roll,
 Whose lightest minions touch the inmost soul:
 Mourn all ye bards, your sable weeds put on,
 Proclaim aloud, the blissful pair is gone.

B

Go,

Go, Colliers go, who from this world were driven,
 Go seek intense your blissful seats in heaven;
 On earth thy virtues did transcending shine,
 Which fame shall waft to ages more divine.
 Mourn all ye nymphs, oh earth now deign to mourn,
 For know replete the blissful pair is gone.

Let solemn darkness o'er the earth preside,
 A striking emblem of their fall descried;
 To wake the soul, to view the scenes of woe,
 The fatal miscreants of their overthrow:
 Ah, fatal morn of grief, thou only source,
 Dread dire event, thrice dreadful was thy force.
 Mourn all ye bards, ye heaven born virgins mourn,
 Impress'd with grief, your cyprian weeds put on.

Ah death tremendous, who with sacred awe,
 Yon gloomy mansions can with terror draw;
 All nature trembles at thy rev'rend call,
 And must to thee a victim deign to fall;
 Yet say why thou so early didst presume,
 To crop their virtues in their infant bloom?
 Mourn earth, mourn sea, all human nature mourn,
 Tell all mankind the blissful pair is gone.

Go chosen go, your earthly hopes dismiss,
 Go seek salvation and eternal bliss;
 Go seek redemption at your maker's shrine,
 Where crowns of glory will your brow entwine.
 Mourn all mankind, this simile disclose,
 So bloom'd the lilly, and so bloom'd the rose.

S O N G.

Tune. *The Dusky Night.*

HARK, hark, how chearful sounds the horn,
The hills and vallies ring;
The sun salutes the rosy morn, *the sun, &c. &c.*
The hounds divinely sing.

C H O R U S.

In hunting of the fox, *in hunting, &c.*
Our days are spent,
With health content,
In hunting of the fox.

O'er hills and dales, through woods and lawns,
Bold reynard swiftly flies;
To damp the chace, the huntsman scorns,
His ecchos reach the skies, *his ecchos, &c.*

Chear up my lads, pursue him straight,
He falters in his speed;
But yonder takes the five barr gate,
What joys can there exceed, *what joys, &c.*

With parch'd-up tongue, in panting strains,
His well spent eye-balls roll;
To death he yields, farewell ye plains,
We'll drain the flowing bowl.

C H O R U S.

In hunting of the fox, *in hunting, &c.*
Our days are spent,
With health content,
By hunting of the fox.

BEAUTY, HEALTH, and WIT.

Tune, *Women, Love, and Wine.*

LET bards presume, ye Gods divine,
 To hail brave Bacchus, God of Wine,
 And all his charms remit;
 More lofty strains my muse employ,
 The greatest scenes of bliss and joy,
 Are beauty, health and wit.

The thrilling harp, the gentle flute,
 The verginal, the warbling lute,
 May charm the heart but yet;
 The scenes of bliss where pleasures roll,
 That animates the fleeting soul,
 Are beauty, health and wit.

With royal sparkling burnt Champagne,
 Where wisdom's beauty deign to reign,
 My blisses I'll transmit;
 From smiling Venus, queen of love,
 The only joys caress'd by Jove,
 Are beauty, health and wit.

With strains I'll pierce the starry skies,
 And reach contentment as it flies,
 Ye Gods each note permit;
 To captivate the God of love,
 That reigns predominate above,
 O'er beauty, health and wit.

The

The shepherd's pipe, the lark's shrill note,
 The nightingale that strains his throat,
 May rural bliss admit;
 Such languid strains my muse decline,
 More deep inspir'd by sparkling wine,
 With beauty, health and wit.

The tuneful bards, the grave divines,
 Who moral sense and wit refines,
 Sage authors deign to quit;
 To taste the joys while here below,
 The joys of joys that ardent flow,
 From beauty, health and wit.

To Miss LOTON, on seeing her in JANE SHORE.

HAIL, lovely fair! whose graceful air and mien,
 With sacred awe invok'd the tragic scene;
 In hapless Shore such strokes of grief display'd,
 That Nature wept, yet lent her genial aid
 To charm the ag'd, the wise, the grave, and young,
 With accents soft almost divinely sung;
 In solemn pomp set forth with warm'd applause,
 The sov'reign heroine of dramatic laws;
 Transported I with list'ning ear gaz'd on,
 While Hastings bid usurping foes begone.
 Long may you boast the mirrors of the stage,
 And captivate the critics of the age;
 With tragic zeal that moral charms displays,
 Imbibe a Barry, or a Yates's praise;
 To worlds unnumber'd natures force convey,
 And shine the bright star of the rising day;
 Midst various themes superbly as they rise,
 Resume new plaudits from the vaulted skies,
 While bards triumphant sound the trump of fame,
 And hail the source of Loton's verbal name.

ELEGY on the *Duchess of Northumberland*.

CEASE ye rude tempests, raging billows cease,
 Be still ye winds, this solemn dirge is peace;
 Ye purling rills that alternately flow,
 Suspend your course, plung'd in the gulph of woe;
 Weep all ye bards, your numbers faintly roll,
 A baleful scene attracts the human soul.

Let all mankind with reverential awe,
 From this resource their virtuous emblems draw;
 Review, at once, the gloomy shades of death,
 Fam'd Percy gone, resign'd her vital breath.

Ye youthful fair revoke the genial smile,
 Who reach the summit of the British isle;
 In solemn weeds and sacred rites divine,
 Approach in tears her visionary shrine:
 Yet still she lives—Death! transitory name,
 Tho' death to us, alive to mortal fame.

Ye hills and vales, ye shepherds, vernal swains,
 Ye grots and dales, ye earth resounding plains,
 Ye fruitful lawns, ye vallies, flow'ry meads,
 Ye graceful nymphs, put on your sable weeds:
 The willow droops, the blushing pink and rose,
 Imprest with grief, the baleful scene disclose.
 Weep, shepherds, weep, proclaim, pronounce
 anon,
 Throughout the globe, fam'd Percy dead and gone!

OF physical knowledge let France daily boast,
 Or Germany's quacks of their skill make the
 most,

While

While England, old England, for science renown'd;
 With heroes of physic in numbers abound :
 As a specimen proving their efforts not vain,
 I'll appeal to their college in fam'd Warwick Lane.

There's Foth-rg-ll, student in physic quite great,
 Whose learned prescriptions great wonders relate,
 Defending at once the impulse of the breath,
 From the daring assaults of that hero call'd Death;
 By the works of the spirit all authors agree,
 That his wisdom consists in the depth of his fee.

There's the great D-lmah-y, big as fam'd Boer-
 haave,
 Full of physical problems defying the grave;
 Displaying the virtues of bolus and pill,
 For he, like the rest, has a licence to kill;
 A prize he'd obtain for his labours and arts,
 Had Galen but known of his chymical parts.

There's the grave Dr. Rock, looking wonderful big,
 Most surprizingly great in his magical wig;
 Antivenereal diseases, spleen, cholic, and gout,
 Scorbutic, rheumatic, he'll cure beyond doubt;
 By the help of his nostrums, salves, balsams, and
 pills,
 For the good of mankind he bleeds, blisters, and
 kills.

There's L-tf-m and M-yersb-ch *, in fact not amiss,
 Tho' continually scolding concerning of p—;
 Such a stinking dispute, so amazingly keen,
 Very learned prescription—a cure for the spleen;
 Old grey-beards will tell ye 'tis folly to jest,
 Tho' at killing mankind as compleat as the best.

* See their debates on the virtues of urine.

LET

LET other bards sing about Britain's great king,
 While I deal in satire more keen;
 In numbers quite clear, sing about the friseur,
 That fluxes the hair of the q——n.

In Fl—t-St—t, well known by the nymphs o' the
 town,
 Dwells the hero that fills the dull scene;
 Great E—— the man, deny it who can,
 That fluxes the hair of the q——n.

Such an honour so great, as to work for the state,
 On the records of fame shall be seen;
 Since this man of merit, such virtues inherit,
 To flux up the hair of the q——n.

Proud France, haughty Spain, all your efforts are
 vain,
 Your philosophy sinks with the spleen;
 For taste unrefin'd, *ecce homo* design'd,
 When fluxing the hair of the q——n.

Oh ye tonsors so witty, friseurs of the city,
 With manners refin'd and serene,
 Don't pine at your fate, so surprizingly great,
 For to flux up the hair of the q——n.

The BUCK. Sung at the Hanoverian Lodge.

LET moralists preach up dull precepts in vain,
 And the learned at college old problems ex-
 plain;
 Contented I sit, and no bumper let stand,
 To toast brother Bucks, and our most noble Grand.

Philosophers

Philosophers tell ye there's wisdom in wine,
 Their maxim is just, and each sentiment mine ;
 Nay, the Gods, with their punch thro' the heavens
 will roll,
 And Venus herself wou'd get drunk from the bowl.

Diana, tho' modest and chaste as a dove,
 Wou'd tipple below, the assertion I'll prove ;
 With her huntsman and hounds, when the chase
 was all o'er,
 She'd drink like a Buck, and old Acteon encore.

Shall we then exist in the seas of despair,
 And languishing pine like the dull sons of care ?
 Absurd is the notion, let wretches repine,
 For Bucks claim the motto of Mirth, Love, and Wine.

To worthy Nimrod let us reason explain,
 Here's a toast to the hero in sparkling Champagne ;
 By Bacchus resolv'd that a bumper shan't stand ;
 Success to the King, and our most noble Grand.

NOT the cares of the world, nor such mendi-
 cant things,
 Shall ever my reason perplex,
 I'll leave 'em to dwell in the bosom of kings ;
 In truth 'tis a folly to vex.
 Ye grave, learned authors, come hither and tell,
 What is it gives life to the soul ;
 Say, is there existing a joy to excel,
 The delights of a full flowing bowl ?

Let the wretch to his coffers his treasure convey,
 And term it a maxim divine ;
 He may think himself happy, contented, and gay ;
 Such happiness let me decline.

intercede.

I intercede not for abundance of wealth,
 For that may my reason controul;
 I ask, oh ye Gods, but the blessing of health,
 A lass, and a full flowing bowl.

This world's but a stage, as all authors agree,
 Where some act their parts droll and keen;
 Thro' the whole human race what delusion we see,
 Till death ends the tragical scene.
 Then fill up your glasses, a bumper push round,
 In pleasure triumphant I'll roll;
 For say, oh ye learned, what joys can be found,
 To equal the full flowing bowl?

HERE's a very pretty fancy, brave gallantee
 show;
 Just come from France——*Tout nouveau.*

- “ Figures almost as large as life; they move,
- “ Walk and speak, as nat'ral as any of us.
- “ Walk in, gemmen. Show the ladies up there.
- “ All show'n nat'ral as de life, begar.”

R E C I T A T I V E.

First ting you see is mighty G——e our k—g,
 Led by de nose, a very pretty ting;
 Dere you may see him, view once again
 De laughing stock of haughty France and Spain.
 All show'n nat'ral as de life, begar.

Next ting you see is dat great r—g—e L—d B—te,
 Who with us English caused so much dispute;
 Mark but his conduct. dignify'd by art,
 No Englishman so well cou'd play his part.
 All show'n nat'ral as de life, begar.

Next

Next ting behold de English folks go mad,
 For want of wisdom, which they never had;
 Here's Wilkes, says one, oh, blest his princely eye;
 Great tings he'll do, but when? before we die.
 All show'n nat'ral as de life, begar.

Next den observe de famous conq'ring duke,
 Who lady Gr—v—r for a hero took;
 His brainless head, and dull intriguing arts,
 Denote this duke to be a man of parts.
 All show'n nat'ral as de life, begar.

Next ting you see a war with France and Spain,
 Where we take towns, and give 'em back again;
 Sons of Britannia alternately sing,
 "Thank God you've got so wise an English k—g."
 All show'n nat'ral as de life, begar.

Next ting review the fight at Bunker's Hill,
 Where Gen—— Gage in horrors run and kill;
 For murd'ring vengeance, ministerial power,
 See British troops Americans devour.
 All show'n nat'ral as de life, begar.

Next ting behold the Portsmouth grand review,
 Where G——ge exerts himself 'tis true;
 Obeserve his manner, mind his air and mien,
 For such a seaman surely ne'er was seen.
 All show'n nat'ral as de life, begar.

Next ting observe the taking of New York,
 A mighty deed, by Howe, with ships like cork;
 While France and Spain, from laughter never cease,
 Mean time see G——ge in tears for want of peace.
 All show'n nat'ral as de life, begar.

Laft

Last ting you see I'm sure it must ye shock,
 Here's Tower-hill, and there's the fatal block ;
 On L——d N——'s neck is struck the fatal blow ;
 So now you've seen my brave gallantee show.
 All show'n nat'ral as de life, begar.

S O N G.

Tune. *Gramachree Molly.*

'T WAS down in yonder shady grove,
 Where silver lillies blow,
 And pinks with vi'lets sweetly bloom,
 Where new-blown roses grow :
 In concert with the warbling lark,
 That raptur'd blifs implore,
 In plaintive notes young Strephon sung,
 'Tis Hannah I adore.

The hills and dales, the fruitful vales,
 The shepherds of the plain ;
 The silver streams that purling flow,
 Where joys incessant reign.
 Invok'd by me, in melting strains
 My absent love deplore,
 And graceful taught, divinely sing,
 'Tis Hannah I adore.

The rural nymphs of yonder plain,
 That trip it through the grove,
 In sacred notes presume to hail,
 The reigning queen of love.
 Such sweetness with sensation join'd,
 Let bards tell o'er and o'er ;
 The ruby lip, and sparkling eye
 Of Hannah I adore.

Let monarchs boast of wealth and state,
 And sing of Delia's charms;
 Let heroes tell of deeds unsung,
 Improv'd by arts and arms.
 While Strephon, happy in his choice,
 Contentment heaps in store,
 And chearful sings in merry lays,
 'Tis Hannah I adore.

S O N G.

Tune. *The Tankard of Ale.*

AT the cares of the world I shall never repine,
 Altho' my endeavours they seek to controul;
 For life at the best,
 Is no more than a jest,
 When once we get over the full flowing bowl.

There's the poet that studies and racks his poor brain,
 By writing and pointing his satire so droll,
 Will drink and will sing,
 Nay, and libel the king,
 When once he gets over the full flowing bowl.

There's the bishop that handles his text so demure,
 And rallies his lungs for to comfort the soul;
 His text will define,
 Yes, and preach more divine,
 When once he gets over the full flowing bowl.

There's the sportsman so jovial, when chasing the fox,
 At the cry of the hounds as their eye balls they roll,
 Will state the whole case,
 Of the charms in the chase,
 When once he gets over the full flowing bowl.

Let

C

There's

There's the statesman that daily deludes his poor
king,

And cares not a jot whether done fair or foul,

Does briefly relate,

The intrigues of the state,

When once he gets over the full flowing bowl.

So fill up a bumper, let's drink while we can,

'Tis the juice of the vine that enlivens the soul ;

We'll banish despair,

Aye, and drive away care,

When once we get over the full flowing bowl.

S O N G.

Tune. *Totterdown Hill.*

BY a murmuring brook young Cupidon lay,
Quite restless had dropp'd from the skies ;
Extending on violets and primroses gay,

For sleep overpower'd his eyes.

His bow and his quiver lay down by his side,

Unknown to the lovely gay queen ;

His wings did the cowslip and primroses hide ;

Ye gods, how delightful the scene.

Two lasses came tripping, as blythe as the morn,
From where silver lillies do blow ;

And seeing the archer asleep on the lawn,

They stole both his quiver and bow.

But not yet content with the heaven-born prize,

While music so charming and gay

With echoes saluted the high-vaulted skies,

They clipp'd both his wings as he lay.

The

The babe then awaken'd, and finding his wings
 Both clipp'd as he slumb'ring lay;
 But feeling about for his bow and his sting,
 He found they were stolen away.
 The tears from his eyes strait began for to flow
 Down his sweet rosy cheeks like the dew;
 But Venus his mother the cries heard below,
 And quick to her darling she flew.

Quoth she, my sweet babe, what is it you fear?
 Pray where is your quiver and bow?
 Your wings are all mangled it plain does appear,
 Pray who has been serving you so?
 But, hush, my dear baby, don't cry, for I guess
 'Tis Phoebe and Phillis, whose hearts
 Shall sorely be wounded, nay, to an excess,
 Shall die by the stings of your darts.

To the L A D I E S.

LADIES, whose heads of Babel's summit boast,
 Imperial queens! of dress the reigning toast;
 In fancy'd forms, who elegantly raise
 Structures of hair that grace and taste displays;
 By fashion warm'd, with modern dress go on,
 And shine the heroines—of the true Bon Ton.
 At ball, court, play, pantheon, masquerade,
 With feather'd head outvie the Paphian maid.
 Proceed, ye fair, the pride of life maintain,
 With man, vain man, ne'er sympathise in vain
 Let cynics rail, and zealots loud exclaim;
 Ladies rear heads to monumental fame;
 Wear gauzes, ribbons, powder, wool and lace,
 And strange, oh strange! use carmine for the face.
 Dull are their notions; tell each savage churl,
 That wisdom's center'd in a dropping curl.

Say, philosophics, who can e'er reveal
 The raptur'd prospect of a pink French heel?
 Where is that being who can less denote
 The beauties of a full fring'd petticoat?
 With nodding plume yon love-born nymph descry,
 Grace in her steps, all heaven in her eye.
 Wives, widows, daughters, sov'reigns of my pen,
 Dress as ye please, and never mind the men;
 With silks and linens, coaches and chariots fill,
 From F—t's, W—gt's, C—fs's, P—mer's on the
 hill *.

Husbands let snarl, and spit envenom'd spite,
 Laugh at their folly, I'll maintain you're right;
 Kill 'em with smiles, sure poison easy had,
 And I'll pronounce 'em all stark staring mad.
 I love the sex, and prove it from my quill,
 Woman is woman, man say what you will.

—WOMAN!
 Thou dear angelic creature,
 Ever graceful form'd by Nature;
 Blooming queen of transient blifs,
 Sovereign of the melting kiss,
 Blissful nymph of mutual love,
 Emblem of the saints above.
 —Ever blest, thrice blest is he,
 If once ever blest with thee.

The blooming cheek, the gentle sigh,
 The snowy bosom, sparkling eye,
 The ruby lip, (ambrosial sweet!)
 The iv'ry neck, the air compleat,
 All serve as objects, that expire
 On the rack of wild desire.

* *Ludgate-Hill.*

—Joys

—Joys celestial, wisely spent ;
Give me woman, I'm content !

Tell me now, ye nymphs and swains,
Where my queen of beauty reigns ?
Is she in the Paphian grove ?
Tell, oh tell me ! where's my love ?
—Here she comes ! the goddess fair !
View her mein, her graceful air !
Every feature gives surprize,
Woman sparkling in her eyes.

Hence, ye dull born sons of care,
Learn from me, and love the fair !
They can every care dispel
By the heaving bosom-swell.
—Gods, how graceful are their charms,
When expiring in their arms !
Heavenly beauties in their eyes ;
So their happy moment flies.

Bring me now the sparkling bowl,
I'll in bliss extatic roll !
Bring me woman, pride of man,
Finely fram'd on Nature's plan !
Come, oh come, ye blooming fair,
Let me in your transports share !—
Then, and then I'm only blest :
Love and fancy guess the rest.

Sweetly blows the rose in June,
Sweet the lark's melodious tune,
Sweet is Delia's thrilling lute,
Sweet is Damon's warbling flute :
But sweeter far is woman ! Tell,
She can all those sweets excel.

Hence mankind, of each degree,
Live and prosper ! learn from me !

S O N G.

Sung at the Horn Tavern, Doctor's Commons.

LET the sons of ambition for honours contend,
Invok'd by their knowledge profound,
Such notions imbib'd to oblivion descend,
While we push the bumpers around.

Tol lol, &c.

From the juice of the grape such examples we find,
That grave philosophics adorn ;
True friendship and mirth, tell the race of mankind,
Exist when we meet at the Horn.

There's the lawyer * so grave will insure ye the cause,
From motives that spring from the soul,
Well skill'd in profession and Bacchus's laws,
That reign in the joys of the bowl.

Tol lol, &c.

Such precepts as those that with wisdom abound,
Enforc'd by the grave and forlorn,
By social enjoyment existence resound,
When joyous we meet at the Horn.

Push the bumpers around, true friendship the toast,
May commerce transcendingly shine,
For freedom and liberty here we can boast,
Bright excellence ! beaming divine.

Tol lol, &c.

Learn hence ye dull mortals, grave sons of despair,
For maxims base sordid we scorn ;
With a friend and a bottle we drown all our care,
When jovial we meet at the Horn.

* *Mr. Shaw, Furnival's Inn.*

SATIRE.

HAve ye not seen, or ever chanc'd to meet,
 A kind of being as ye have walk'd the street,
 Deck'd out in tassels with a female face,
 A striking emblem of the monkey race;
 Whose empty flimsy unembellish'd brain,
 But fluent nonsense and such stuff contain,
 With optic glass dissect an atom small
 Degenerate wretch how I lament thy fall,
 If you have seen such, take it for a rule,
 He is for granted but a downright fool.

On a famous QUACK ADVERTISEMENT.

GRAVE Doctor Browne with *Leyden Pills*,
 Mankind is ever curing;
 Great Boerhave's request fulfills,
 Whose fame must be enduring.
 To rich and poor for truth appeals,
 Thro' kingdoms and plantations;
 Should it be true what he reveals,
 He'd be the joy of nations.
 Oh! learned Doctor wisely sung,
 Thy deeds I'n e'er beholding;
 Who cured the cramp in Betsey tongue,
 That was for ever scolding.

E P I G R A M.

Life is a Lott'ry ev'ry moment seen,
 Display'd to man in Johnson's Magazine;
 Both Blank and Prize, the giddy world secure,
 Death wins the chance, where can ye then insure;
 Stop says a wit, and dull Born fear evades,
 "He keeps an office. In the Elysium Shades.

FATHER

FATHER PAUL, *and the blue ey'd Nun of*
St. CATHERINE'S. A CANTATA.

RECITATIVE.

FAM'D father Paul, religious, wise, and good,
Both morn and eve wou'd pray for flesh and
blood;

His blue ey'd nun, St. Catherine's reigning toast;
At mass wou'd eye more still than Banquo's ghost:
Pride of his heart, joy of his life and soul;
Beads, cross, and saints, wou'd quit for flowing
bowl.

For absolution now behold the maid
Crave father Paul's assistance, prayers and aid.
Confess dear nun, the holy father spoke,
And thus to her his wonted silence broke.

Blushing Tune. *Gramachree.*

The blushing cheek, the sparkling eye,
Alone belong to thee;

The snowy bosom, balmy kiss,
Ador'd by love and me.

Invoke a smile, oh, grant it now,
Or father Paul's undone;

I die, I faint, come kiss, my love,
St. Catherine's blue ey'd nun.

RECITATIVE.

Thus father Paul address'd the lovely fair,
And thus the nun began her morning prayer.

Tune,

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Tune. *O the Days, &c.*

Oh the pleasures of a nun,
 In a convent night and day,
 When from mass we trip and run,
 With the friars fast and pray;
 Then we dance and sily sing,
 Absolution we want none,
 Father Paul our godly king;
 Oh the pleasures of a nun.

R E C I T A T I V E.

The holy faint, inspir'd by beauty's charms,
 His lovely nun clasp'd in his folding arms;
 With melting kisses love's fond flame express,
 God's, what a scene! "Let fancy guess the rest."
 While seas of bliss loud peals of rapture rung,
 Both Gloria Patria, and Pater-noster sung.

Lango Lee.

Ye virgins so killing, that want absolution;
 Who languish and sinner for nothing at all;
 Ye nymphs of the Garden, and Drury's confusion,
 Repair to the convent of fam'd father Paul:
 He can brace up your fibres so wittily,
 Turn up the whites of your eyes so prettily,
 Ladies all chaunt it thro' France, Spain, and Italy,
 Father Paul and his blue-ey'd Nun.

S O N G.

S O N G.

Tune. *The Jolly Gypsies.*

LIFE's a visionary bubble,
Giddy phantom of an hour;
Full of endless care and trouble,
That our youthful joys devour.

C H O R U S.

So push about your bumpers, charge your glasses,
Why shou'd we at cares repine;
For the merry merry moments gains improvement
From the joys of sparkling wine.

Let the grave with looks disdaining,
All my maxims here despise;
Social friendship's ever reigning
In the bosoms of the wise.

So push about, &c.

Hence ye mortals vainly toiling
On the surge of black despair,
Learn from us, here's no beguiling,
In a goblet drown your care.

So push about, &c.

Fill the bowl ye gospel teachers;
Wine the text, a mighty toast;
Spite of cants and whining preachers,
Mirth and friendship here we boast.

So push about, &c.

Bring

Bring the nymph for love delighting,
 Beauty sparkling in her eye ;
 To the passions most inviting,
 Mortals then who'd wish to die ?

So push about, &c.

An irregular ODE. Dedicated to WILKES'S EYE.

HALL, potent Wilkes, great patriotic king !
 Fam'd city sov'reign, of dire debate the spring ;
 Firm to Britain, blest with merit,
 Arm'd with zeal and Cato's spirit ;
 Friend to liberty and laws :
 Borne by earth's resounding fame,
 Sacred to the hero's name,
 Erst in the glorious cause,
 Dread nations of thee sing !

In heav'n-born strains Britannia's sons impart,
 The martial prowess, source of arms and art ;
 Freedom boasts the genial day,
 Reigning with imperial sway.
 Happy Britain, blest with ease !
 Pride-felt France, and haughty Spain,
 Bears of slavery the chain,
 Such as exist beyond the seas,
 And aggrandize the heart !

From dread oppression, arbitrary sway,
 In multiform expands the laurel'd ray ;
 Magna Charta, how resplendent !
 Here triumphant reigns transcendent,
 From its visionary shrine ;
 H—pk—s, H—rl—y, ministerial
 T—ls of state, souls not æthercal,
 At thy rising days repine,
 Great patriotic king !

S O N G.

S O N G.

YOU may think as ye please, and may say that
I'm wrong,

But since on your humble you've call'd for a song,
I'll sing, about what?—why the humorous age,
For its very well known that the world's but a stage.

The parson in roltrum his eye-balls will roll,
And tell ye strange things for the good of your soul;
With whining and canting his text he begins,
'Tis money he wants—then a fig for your sins.

The poet so witty will write for your pay,
And what he has wrote contradict the next day;
Grave Shakespeare's and Milton's, your Dryden's
and Rowe's,
Wou'd all do the same—see the world how it goes.

The grave learned doctor your pulses will feel,
And with dull scraps of Latin the symptoms reveal;
Then with bolus and pill the poor patient is
cramm'd;
So he gets but his fee—you may die and be d——n'd.

The lawyer will plead, this is wrong, that is right,
And swear for his client, jet black's a clear white;
At M-nsf—d and C-md-en, great W-lles and j—ge
N-res,
Blind justice oft winks—'tis a trifle she swears.

'Tis a folly to pine, since the race of mankind
To each other's foibles are crazy and blind;
The rogue, cheat, and villain, for honest men pass,
Drink confusion to such—in the depth of a glass.

J E F F

JEFF and NAN. *Living Characters.*

R E C I T A T I V E.

AS honest Jeff, deck'd out with fruit compleat,
His noble ass whipp'd up through Lombard-
street,

Geeho, brave Di'mond was his mental cry,
Nuts, cherries, oranges, come win or buy;
Quite planet-struck he saw his dear-lov'd Nan,
Who years ago spoke Jeff the happy man.
Charm'd with her eyes, and blest enchanting tongue,
He whipp'd his ass, and thus divinely sung.

Dear, lovely Nan, whose graceful mien
Surpasses blooming beauty's queen,

On Jeff ne'er deign to frown;
One smile from thee, my dearest Nan,
Then Jeff's a thrice blest happy man,
Your eyes my wishes crown.

R E C I T A T I V E.

Nan gaz'd a while, tho' pleas'd to hear her swain
With such bright excellence his voice maintain;
And to embrace him eagerly she ran,
Stroak'd Di'mond next, and thus quite bold began.

Of kings and princes some may sing,
Great heroes of the nation,
But Jeff's as great as Britain's king,
Tho' low in point of station;
Ador'd he is by young and old,
To drollery no stranger;
Like Julius Cæsar, brave and bold,
He fears no sort of danger.

D

CHORUS.

C H O R U S.

Its oh my bonny, smiling Jeff,
 The lad I love so dearly,
 To all dishonesty quite deaf,
 And cries old wigs so rarely.

R E C I T A T I V E.

Jeff stood and grinn'd, then lifted up his eyes,
 And cry'd, old brags, his echoes reach'd the skies ;
 Shoes, hats, old cloaths, take money for your rags,
 Who'll have a chance, his tongue next faintly wags.
 Such happy days what monarch e'er can boast,
 Not George himself of mighty Albion's coast ;
 Thrice glorious Jeff, for eloquence the man !
 Thus sung divine, to dear beloved Nan.

Blooming nymph, divinely fair,
 Since I am your only care,
 Take, oh take me to your arms,
 I'll be slave to all your charms ;
 Nan and Jeff, how grand the scene,
 Of the Borough king and queen.

A L A M P O O N.

HUSH, critics, hush, attentive be a while,
 Down cast your brows, nor deign to force a
 smile ;

A noble theme the flights of fancy wage,
 While harmless mirth the comic muse engage ;
 Tho' virtue die, and vice prove insincere,
 Know then 'tis levell'd at a grave Friseur.
 To prove the source, behold the man replete,
 The boasted wit of mighty F—ch— S— ;

Great

Great beyond greatness, deeds consign'd to fame,
 G——, the wise, tho' Goose his classic name.
 Spontaneous man, the Quidnunc of the age,
 "Any thing new to day *," thus speaks the sage;
 Profound in politics, this harbinger of care,
 Can graft whole nations on a single hair;
 With eager steps provincial force maintain,
 And by the comb reconquer France and Spain;
 The world in arms subdues, as counting five,
 And tell how nations animated thrive;
 By lott'ry schemes, foretell the public good,
 In law a novice, proof, defendant Blood.
 Henceforth vain mortal, son of bulk and trade,
 Imbibe the precepts nature wisely made,
 Mechanic systems multiform invent,
 And die a victim to a life well spent;
 Give ear to Pope, the mighty maze to scan,
 "The proper study of mankind is man."

JUNO *in her Cups. Dedicated to Miss CATLEY.*

PUSH the jorum, Nan invokes thee
 To be half seas o'er to night,
 Wine and women, man she'll tell ye,
 Is the source of true delight.

"All I ask of mortal man"—Sir,
 Milton tells in Comus plain;
 "Is to love me while he can"—Sir,
 This is Juno's merry vein.

With her jorum and the c—ln—l,
 Blest is she beyond a doubt;
 Here's Sir Francis fam'd Blake Deleval,
 Push the jorum, see it out.

* *Cant words.*

D 2

Stage

Stage struck heroes, sons of genius,
 Lads and lasses of the ton;
 At the B—— had ye seen us,
 “ Keep it up, for we love fun.”

“ Punch on earth,” great Aristotle
 Authors tell ye was a foul;
 Plato’s self confirm’d the bottle,
 Newton solv’d the flowing bowl.

Reason yet confirms the charter,
 Juno still maintains her right;
 Impudence for wit we barter,
 On the theatre by night.

Chaunt, ye minstrels, hymns of satire,
 Something, nothing, interrupts;
 Hush, be silent, list to nature,
 Juno’s sleeping in her cups.

BUNTANELLA, altered from the Original.

LET junior bards in grave poetic scribble,
 Mad with conception, metaphoric quibble;
 With their homilies and similies, adore each bellà,
 While I give a chaunt to my dear Buntanella.
 O my charming Buntanella.

Pentameters, Hexameters, and Hudibrastics,
 Epigrams, anagrams, ænigmas, acrostics,
 Each common bard bestows on his fellow,
 But I’ll give more to my dear Buntanella.
 O my charming Buntanella.

Sacolorums

Sacolorums in multiform, hermadaetyls, philobib-
lians,
Prolomatics, quintelorums, descriptive by scrib-
lians,
Fam'd Plautus, Mundungus, bestows on Florella,
Such tooth-breaking words I'll quit for Buntanella.
O my charming Buntanella.

Let Plutarch and Socrates, with optical thermo-
meters,
And magical, theological, metaphysical barometers,
With altitudes and latitudes, philosophise quintella,
Such star-gazing nonsense shan't do for Buntanella.
O my charming Buntanella.

Each London cry she sounds in her pretty notes,
As her barrow she wheels with her tuck'd up pet-
ticoats;
With an oil skin hat for an umbrella,
A pound of rare filberts, calls Buntanella.
O my charming Buntanella.

Lewdly leering with goose-berries, and eyes that
kills,
With tapering finger the pot with nuts she fills;
Tho' she long measure takes, the shorter she'll
sell ye,
To her sex I appeal, who can blame Buntanella.

In summer time she cries rare ripe strawberries,
Round and sound fine white-heart cherries;
In winter, oysters she will sell ye,
Here's large stewing muscles, calls Buntanella.
O my charming Buntanella.

Yes, there too she sits on Ludgate Hill now,
 With burgamy pears, the right sort, I vow;
 Here taste 'em, she cries, thy're juicy and mellow,
 They'll melt in your mouth, my eye, says Buntanella.

O my charming Buntanella.

Then so fair to the eye, Sir, her finest fish is,
 So juicy, white and plump, her flesh is;
 Oh, cou'd I; but cou'd I but bow vow, shall I
 tell ye;

Why, I, like an oys—r, wou'd op—n Buntanella.
 O my charming Buntanella.

S O N G.

Tune. *My Dog and my Gun.*

LET the fops of the state, and the wits of the
 age,
 Presume for to settle the national rage;
 And the huntsman so bold, on a scent-lying morn,
 Repair to the fields by the found of the horn:
 I care not a fig, tho' I meet with controul,
 Give me but my las and a full flowing bowl.

Let Wilkes with his wisdom fet on by his pen,
 Plague the fools of the state, for they're wisdomish
 men;

Let the heroes of freedom, in liberty's cause
 Rule despotic, defying Britannia and laws;
 Let the tars plough the ocean to view the south pole,
 I'm content with my las and a full flowing bowl.

Let the miser content, as in stories we're told,
 Despairing, exist on his mountains of gold;

Let

Let the grave sons of care to oblivion descend,
 And the wretch die a victim, his cause none defend:
 I care not a jot, for the pride of my soul
 Is my girl and a glass from the full flowing bowl.

If George rules the nation as I rule my bowl,
 He'll rule it with reason and sense, by my soul;
 Like a hero I toss off a gay sparkling glass,
 Animated with bliss from the joys of my lass.
 Ye grave, sober mortals, my maxim is droll,
 When blest with a lass and a full flowing bowl.

Let the weak sons of dullness my precepts decline,
 True pleasure confides in the juice of the vine;
 Fill the bumper—A toast to the mortals above,
 Mars, Jove, and Venus, the Goddesses of Love:
 I'm brother to Bacchus, his tun I oft roll,
 We both love a lass and a full flowing bowl.

A descriptive TRIAL. A Fact.

THE court all met, indictment read,
 The papers o'er the table spread.
 Defendant Rusted: "Here I am,
 "To face the plaintiff, G—ll-nh-m:"
 The oath's administered anon,
 To J—— and J——h H-m-lt-on.
 Silvester then, with brief in hand,
 The witness call'd, and stroak'd his band:
 Come tell the court all what you know
 About this charge, when, where, and how.
 "Why, on the sixth day of September,
 "I came to town I well remember;
 "Decoy'd defendant to a house,
 "In hopes for self and coz to chouse;
 "And

“ And there I drew a roguish note,
 “ And silly S——h to sign it brought,
 “ Defendant R——d then bawl’d out,
 “ I was a rogue beyond a doubt ;”
 And wou’d not sign it with his name ;
 To speak the truth he’s not to blame :
 Thus J—— and J——h H——n,
 Both ly’d and swore ; when F——q——n,
 A dirty S——n, would, tis true,
 Swear black was white,—but ’twould not do.
 The jury saw them rogues at large,
 Acquits defendant of the charge.
 The council caus’d a deal of sport,
 And roasting hiss’d ’em out of court.
 Silvester, jewel of a man,
 To sue for damages began ;
 Obtain’d with ease, by elocution,
 Next day took G—— with execution.
 Let wise men judge with minds not vain,
 If these be not five rog—s in grain ;
 And those who wou’d be right by law,
 Apply to * F——nt——r, Wr——g——t, or Sh——w.

Tune. *A hearty good Fellow, &c.*

LET grave politicians, and fools of the state,
 On the laws of the realm with their wisdom
 debate ;
 Such dulness I’ll quit, for in pleasures I’ll roll,
 So give me a lass and a full flowing bowl.

Since life’s so uncertain, then why should we pine ?
 True pleasure consists in the juice of the vine ;
 For such excellent joys search the universe round,
 Nay, the sages will tell ye they’re not to be found.

* *Attornies.*

Of

Of the tombs of the wealthy, the pious, and wife,
We're told where in silence mortality lies;
Their emblems are just, though I think 'em quite
droll,
When blest with a fair one and full flowing bowl.

Diogenes liv'd by the scent of a cask,
And Plato existed, we're told, by a flask,
Philosophical notions, esteem'd by the wife !
So the pleasures of drinking let Cynics despise.

Old Homer and Virgil, blind Milton so great,
O'er a bumper of wine did their wisdom relate;
They'd point out the beauties, imbibing controul,
Of the joys of a lafs and a full flowing bowl.

Rosy Bacchus and Venus together unite,
Twin rivals in blisses and social delight,
For the juice of the grape sinks the regions of care,
Nay, it teaches mankind not to envy the fair.

Then bring me the girl that's good-temper'd and
kind,
With a beautiful form and a generous mind ;
Gods, I envy ye not ! for the pride of my soul
Is a good-temper'd girl and a full flowing bowl.

LET the artists of France of their sciences
boast,
And degrade the production of Old England's coast ;
But let 'em to know, search the universe round,
No nation like England for arts can be found ;
Deep learning, sound knowledge, sublime elo-
quence ;
Men of deep penetration, and great consequence.
There's

There's Georgy, that monarch, that sits on the
 th—ne,
 Quite profound in his knowledge, 'tis very well
 known,
 Such a button can make, 'tis amazing to tell,
 Not the monarch in France can his genius excell :
 From his wisdom and parts, we may venture to
 sing,
 Sure England is blest with a wonderful k—g !

There's the fam'd Mr. Moore with his wond'rous
 machine,
 Such a clever contrivance sure never was seen ;
 What a brain must he have to engender such things !
 Sure his intellects move by the virtue of springs !
 In a word, tho' his brain which his problems con-
 ceals,
 Like his carts and coaches, must go upon wheels.

There's Cumberland's duke, the great master of
 arts,
 'Tis allow'd by the wise, he's a man of great parts :
 Tho' his Highness's learning wou'd make ye to
 smile,
 In writing so fam'd for an elegant stile ;
 Such astonishing ideas, so witty express'd,
 Blind Milton's bright excellence never possess'd.

There's Stevens, that wit, see his fame how it
 spreads,
 By his comic satirical lecture on heads :
 Brimful of conceits, to compleat the wise job,
 From the full-bottom'd judge, to the journeyman's
 bob.
 For to prove he's a wit, see him counting his gains,
 By displaying the virtues of heads without brains.
 There's

There's Whitehead, whose loss wou'd the muses
 regret,
 To the king, be it known, he's the poet-lauret :
 That the force of pure nature his brain incom-
 modes,
 We're taught by perusing his dull written odes ;
 Tho' of Shakespeares and Miltons no more let us tell,
 Since the man I describe can their virtues excel.

There's the great Mr. Wilkes, he's a jewel of
 a man,
 Who the nation bewitch'd : to deny it, who can ?
 In principles nothing ; a tool at the best ;
 A foe to his king ; to his country a jest.
 From his all-seeing eye, and the fruits of his pen,
 Let us rank him for once with the wisest of men.

There's the great Mr. Foote, with his leg made
 of cork,
 Such a mimic was never before, 'tis the talk.
 How clever he censures the vice of the age,
 When his nonsense for wisdom pours out on the
 stage.
 Search the town, trace the globe, and you never
 will find,
 Such an emblem of nature to censure mankind.

There's the great Mr. Cox, with his grand raree-
 show,
 Full of di'monds, pearls, jewels, that seemingly
 grow.
 In this golden age, ev'ry mortal must own,
 Such mechanical powers scarce ever were known.
 From his wonderful works, that such wonders im-
 part,
 We'll term him, *The Nimrod of Science and Art.*
 There's

There's the grave Dr. Kenrick, whose stage
 striking parts,
 Can merit esteem from the depth of all hearts;
 Whose wonderful lectures philosophers prize;
 Quite a Cicero, grown so exceedingly wise;
 Such a mortal, oh! Shakespear! in problems profound,
 On earth, in existence, can never be found.

From the indigent wretch, to the grave scepter'd
 king,
 What marks of their genius repeatedly spring!
 To Europe their efforts are very well known;
 Such a striking example we have from the th—ne!
 Tho' reflection is vain, for let what will commence,
 'Twill be all a mere bubble five hundred years hence.

—WOMAN!
 Thou blissful nymph delighting,
 Reigning queen of mutual love,
 Ev'ry feature's most inviting,
 Ev'ry charm my senses move.
 Joys celestial, raptures killing,
 From thy bosom deign to flow,
 Ev'ry nerve with transports thrilling,
 Bliss that wretches ne'er can know.

Sov'rign chief of balmy kisses,
 Graceful nymph of form divine,
 Fleeting pleasures, transient blisses,
 Revel at thy mantling shrine;
 Heav'n-born beauties ever glancing,
 Cares and grief at once defy,
 Each in pleasing form advancing
 From the lucid sparkling eye.

Adam

Adam, when he first existed,
 From the surge of lifeless clay,
 Own'd his happiness consisted
 In his EVE, the learned say :
 Heart-felt joys, beyond expressing,
 Then triumphant deign'd to roll ;
 Heavenly bliss, himself confessing,
 Reach'd the summit of his soul.

Hence, ye Cynics, quit your railing ;
 Lovely WOMAN ne'er despise !
 Know your spleen is naught availing ;
 Be ye ever manly, wife !
 Name it not that they're deceiving
 Who imbibe the heart of man !
 Such assertion's past conceiving ;
 They pursue Truth's sacred plan.

Guardian angels now convey me
 To the nymph I dearly love !
 Cease ! O cease ! ye fates, to stay me,
 But my plaintive suit approve.
 When within her arms expiring,
 Busy world, to thee adieu !
 Dying, kisses still desiring,
 Melting joys that bliss renew.

Graceful Woman, love exciting,
 All my hopes and cares surround !
 God-like virtues, form'd delighting,
 Blest's the man when with thee crown'd !
 Wretches they who love not woman !
 May they sink in endless care,
 Unregretted, free'd by no man,
 Plung'd in realms of black despair !

E

S O N G

S O N G.

Tune. *The wonderful Age.*

LET sage looking authors repeatedly sing
 Of wonderful projects that delicate spring;
 Describing their excellent virtues so strong,
 While I, more content, sing a wonderful song.

C H O R U S.

Cast your eye round thro' the whole human race,
 Manners confounding,
 Wisdom abounding,
 London's a wonderful—wonderful place.

Here's wonderful doctors, great writers of plays,
 And wonderful actors that would ye amaze;
 Both tragic and comic devolves from the stage,
 In hopes for to mend the vile faults of the age.
 Cast your eye, &c.

Here's wonderful wits who for honour contend,
 And citizen's great to their faction no end;
 But another great wonder will make ye to stare,
 That's a wonderful Bull makes a wonderful May'r.
 Cast your eye, &c.

Here's wonderful statesmen and peers of the realm,
 And wonderful people that sit at the helm;
 While wonderful Wilkes with his magical eye,
 See wonderful wonders—tho' passes them by.
 Cast your eye, &c.

Here's

Here's wonderful jobbers of stock very strange,
 And wonderful wits at the Royal Exchange;
 While wonderful bankrupts with wonderful schemes,
 Don't break for to make;—no, my muse only dreams.

Cast your eye, &c.

Here's wonderful jilts, bucks, bloods, and coquets;
 Plotting, planning, contriving, to stifle old debts:
 Here's shuffling and cutting by wonderful man,
 Each biting each other by art—if they can.

Cast your eye, &c.

Here's wonderful lectures amazingly fine,
 On the sun, moon, and stars, philosophic divine;
 Great problems are solv'd—O how great the sur-
 prise!

The race of mankind to make wonderful wise.

Cast your eye, &c.

Here's another great wonder, what think ye of that?
 That ever this wonderful world wonder'd at;
 'Tis the greatest, the truest, that ever was seen,
 That's England is blest with a true virt'ous queen.

Cast your eye, &c.

A P A S T O R A L.

WHEN Phœbus, bright God of the day,
 Saluted the dew-spangled morn,
 And render'd quite chearful and gay
 Each valley and sweet-scenting lawn;
 I hasten'd to yonder cool shade,
 To view the delights of the spring,
 How gay was the meadows array'd;
 How sweet did the nightingales sing!

Young Patty, the queen of the May,
 Came tripping along through the grove,
 Her eyes did such beauties display,
 That moment she taught me to love;
 I caught her and gave her a kiss,
 She frown'd, nay, she bade me depart,
 But my soul, so enraptur'd with bliss,
 With tenderness melted my heart.

Sweet v'lets I chose for my pillow,
 The roses new bloom for my bed,
 'Twas down by the side of a willow,
 I sighing reclin'd on my head.
 The fair one drew near and reply'd,
 What is it my Willey does crave?
 Transported I lovingly cry'd,
 "Your charms all my senses enslave!"

That instant my wishes to crown,
 The fair one she vow'd to be true,
 So I car'd not, ye Gods, for your frown,
 To church we both hastily flew;
 Where Hymen our hands and hearts join'd,
 So well did my Patty agree,
 She proves to me faithful and kind,
 We're as happy as happy can be.

PATTY of the VALE †.

Tune. *The Broom on Cowden-Know.*

YE blooming nymphs and rural swains,
 That trip the verdant mead;
 Whose smiles revive the list'ning plains,
 And flocks divinely feed.

† Set to music by F. R.

To

To lovely Pat I'll tune my strain
That cheers each fruitful dale ;
The pride of ev'ry jocund swain
Is Patty of the Vale !

C H O R U S .

Oh my Pat, my lovely, lovely, Pat,
The queen of yonder dale,
The sea-born nymph can ne'er excel
My Patty of the Vale !

The silver lilly, violet blue ;
The new-blown rose in June ;
The blushing pink of crimson hue
Their beauties lose ere noon.
But my dear Pat's more pleasing charms
Can o'er their bloom prevail,
Ye pow'rs convey me to the arms
Of Patty of the Vale.

Oh my Pat, &c.

The vocal hills so blyth in spring,
The fruitful vallies round,
Of lovely Patty deign to sing :
Divine's the pleasing sound.
How oft by yonder silver streams
I've told my heart-felt tale,
And softly murmur'd gentle themes
To Patty of the Vale.

Oh my Pat, &c.

To rosy Phillis blyth and gay,
Young Collin tunes his lays ;
The blooming queen, of flow'ry May
In rural notes displays :

With Patty's charms they ne'er can vie;
 What can their force avail?
 For kings enthron'd would freely die
 For Patty of the Vale.

Oh my Pat, &c.

The MORNING POST-BOY. A CANTATA.

RECITATIVE.

AS through Cheapside one morning, poets say,
 Brisk Tom, the Post-boy, took his wonted way,
 His winding horn he blew both loud and shrill,
 Whose notes the ear with consternation fill.
 Deck'd out compleat, in leathern doublet strong,
 Brim-full of News, he nimbly tript along:
 Scarce had he reach'd the end of Lombard-street,
 Before his dear-lov'd Bet (good luck) he chanc'd to
 meet,
 Her oranges in rows just going to range;
 For now, she vends 'em at the Royal 'Change.
 Bet's jetty locks, soft voice, and rolling eye,
 Engage mankind her well tim'd fruit to buy.
 Tom view'd the nymph that did his heart ensnare,
 And thus in softest notes address'd the fair,

A I R.

Lovely Bet, whose balmy kisses,
 Render pleasure to the soul,
 Mistress of extatic blisses,
 Kind possessor of the whole,
 Thy soft glances can subdue
 The flame within my anxious breast;
 Would you swear to be but true,
 Tom would be for ever blest.

RECITA-

R E C I T A T I V E.

Amaz'd, transported, stood the blooming fair,
 Fond love possess'd the object of her care;
 Like Sol's bright beams, superbly as they rise,
 Young wanton Cupids darted from her eyes;
 Transcending joys her wishes seem'd to crown,
 Join'd with a smile, grac'd with a pleasing frown;
 At length the fair imbib'd a plaintive strain,
 And thus broke silence to her dying swain.

A I R.

To my love I now impart,
 The deep recesses of my heart;
 Sure no mortal e'er can find,
 Like my Tom, a youth so kind;
 "And to him I'll constant prove,
 "Ever faithful as the dove."

R E C I T A T I V E.

Thus sung the fair, whose sempiternal strains,
 The hero bound in adamantine chains;
 By sighs and vows love ty'd the nuptial bands,
 And next day Hymen join'd their willing hands:
 "Thus blest, Bet of her vending fruit does boast,
 "While Tom, content, retales the Morning Post."
 No longer they of each one's love despair,
 Propitious love protects the happy pair.

A I R.

Ye fair ones, adhere to the precepts I teach,
 Let this all your maxims improve,
 Truth, honour, and love ye find center'd in each,
 Let this be your lesson of love;

A smile

A smile may, indeed, a lost lover regain,
 So subtile are beauty's alarms ;
 But, ye fair ones, let virtue predominant reign,
 Sole monarch o'er all your gay charms.

Sung at the SOCIETY of COUSINS, Fleet-street.

LET critics and scriblers, existing on earth,
 Great wonders relate and to nothing give birth;
 To the honour of Cousins, true friendship I'll boast,
 And give ye a sentiment song and a toast.

Thro' life may ye glide quite devoid of all care,
 And sink in oblivion that monster despair ;
 In glorious Champaigne dissolution proclaim,
 Deeds noble consign'd to the laurels of fame.

Your senators grave let repeatedly pine,
 Our maxim's to drown all such nonsense in wine ;
 Let 'em boast of their wealth, and degradingly
 sing ;
 In point of contentment, a Cousin's a king.

Philosophical students that reason refine,
 Metaphysical taught can but hold it divine ;
 Theological treated, all authors agree,
 'Tis wisdom in man to be jovial and free.

Push your bumpers around, toasting never decline,
 Pay obedience to Bacchus the great god of wine ;
 May Cousins exist and each sentence encore,
 Till the great globe itself to sensation's no more.

EPITAPH.

E P I T A P H.

Re Ade rhe re res. ts Be Ne ath thi sst one
 Ama N wh ose Li fe INo wBe.m.oan
 Het rod a son reco rd A—ppe ar -s
 th est age ofL if ef ull 3Sco Reye A—rs
 & asth elea rn ed D ore lat e
 hel est twod aught ers Be T—& Kat—e
 Bo the Rum my Da mesBrimf ul ofmi rth
 I—nde ed I C—antse T forththEi rwor Th
 Butb Eit kn ow nthe yBo th We reWife
 &a utho rssa Y ha DKill in gey es
 Bu Thu . S . hm y Mus e wit h Aw Eyo ur
 Tru sTed
 S ay He re wit h Pit y Lie s GeOrg ERUS TE D.

EPITATH on a favourite DOG.

HERE lies poor Spot, devoid of breath,
 Who lost his eye before his death :
 A simple cur, of manners fly,
 And, like a mouse, exceeding shy.
 His mistress often he'd divert,
 And hold his paw so wond'rous pert,
 High—Spot the word, 'twas said, 'twas done,
 And round the church-yard wou'd he run.

The mistress wept, and * Pen took on,
 Because poor Spot was dead and gone :
 Ah, happy cur ! thrice happy thee,
 Thou'rt from all misfortunes free.
 So reader think of this thy lot,
 And say, with pity,—here lies Spot.

* The maid.

SMILING.

SMILING goddess of the green,
 Blooming virgin, love-born queen,
 Haste with me to yonder shade,
 Wing your way my charming maid,
 We'll be jocund, blyth and gay,
 Life is but the bloom of May.

Hark the notes how sweet they swell,
 To my charming Isabel,
 Silver, purling, gliding streams,
 Wafting pleasing, mental themes,
 Thus enraptur'd seem to say,
 Life is but the bloom of May.

Hills and dales, meads, flow'ry plains,
 Shepherds, nymphs, and vernal swains,
 With each pleasing step advance,
 For to join the festive dance;
 And their ideas still convey,
 Life is but the bloom of May.

Since 'tis so my Isabel,
 We'll in life the whole excel,
 Tread the stage with wonted glee,
 Princes not—so blest as we;
 In each action we'll display,
 Life is but the bloom of May.

E P I G R A M.

SYLVIA, a virtuous, love-born maid,
 To whom due praise be given,
 Had often heard that marriage rites
 Were wisely made in heaven.

Oh then, quoth Sylvia, since 'tis so,
 " Such acts must be divine ;
 " But yet I wou'd be glad to know,
 " When they'd be making mine."

E P I G R A M.

CHLOE, with feathers decks her head,
 Wears corks that would ye shock ;
 Resolve, is she, or is she not,
 " A very shuttle-cock ?"

E P I G R A M.

THAT Wilkes is wise it can't appear,
 Tho' every day its hinting ;
 But how can any man see clear,
 That is for ever squinting ?

A C A T C H.

ALL men are great liars, quoth learned Ro-
 maine,
 He himself in existence a man ;
 How can he tell true ? to be sure 'tis in vain,
 For the learned uphold he ne'er can.

MANUS REGALIS.

CONscious of charms, kings, princes, I subdue,
 Unrival'd reign the sov'reign queen of You ;
 Nay wise and learn'd, in this grand point agree,
 That all mankind with awe submit to Me.

B O N

B O N T O N.

YE feather'd-head lasses, sweet girls of the ton,
 Compleat in the louvre and dear cotillion,
 Whose languishing drops, twisting natural shakes,
 In ringlets appeal to the order of Rakes.

Ye fair ones who thrive by the conjugal kiss,
 If easy in virtue, great traders in bliss,
 With soft dying raptures, true source of delight,
 Keep it up with a spirit, I say that you're right.

Balls, op'ras, regattas, and droll masquerade,
 To pantheon champetres resplendent parade,
 With grace, taste, and action, the summit advance,
 'Tis allow'd by philosophers life's but a dance.

Ye prudes and coquets, who in fancy all rove,
 Utter strangers thro' life to the passions of love ;
 Adepts in the art of displaying the fan,
 Be prudent—take heed of that creature call'd man.

Let D-rl-y, with all his satyrical prints,
 In vain your slight foibles the world to convince ;
 Bon ton, the grave sentence, had Eve but known,
 Her apron of fig-leaves she ne'er would have worn.

VERSES *on a fringed* PETTICOAT.

MUSE inspire me, aid my fancy,
 Bring whole volumes here to quote ;
 Bards, I mean to chaunt of Nancy,
 And her full fring'd petticoat.

What

What a sweet angelic creature,
 This ye gods a phrase by rote;
 Delicacy in each feature,
 Blest be her fring'd petticoat.

How delighting, Oh! how charming,
 What can ere such blifs denote;
 Sure each sentence is alarming,
 Center'd in a petticoat.

Cynics here may be for railing,
 And my phrenzy ne'er promote;
 Still I'm happy in exhaling,
 Raptures on a petticoat.

Homer, Virgil, had they known it,
 Wou'd such ardent numbers note;
 Pope wou'd for a subject own it,
 Noble full fring'd petticoat.

C A T C H.

OUR wife, industrious, gracious q——n,
 Employs a needle-maker;
 W——ld is the man not mad I mean,
 In dealing tho' a Quaker.

A TRAVELLING PUN.

TRav'lers, yes, trav'lers of ev'ry rank and
 station,
 Wiser than woodcocks, judges of mensuration;
 Whether from India, or the Porte distil,
 Down to the Obelisk at Ludgate Hill;
 F Where

Where the grave citizen * on life's great stage,
 Supplies ingeniously this trav'ling age,
 From Bridge Street wafts ye to the lee of Rome,
 Up hill, down dale, to dear beloved home.
 Bath, Bristol, Tunbridge, in the rout agree,
 A very phaeton † by land or sea;
 The fiery courfers blend the wonted way,
 And chearful hail with joy the rising day;
 Towns, cities, villages, enjoy the grand alliance,
 For, let me tell ye, trav'ling is a science.
 French, Spanish, Dutch, lads of Hibernian soil,
 Here cross the Liffy to their native isle;
 No tricks on travellers, for so the "adage rests,"
 Who dare dispute it surely only jests;
 Eager they rove—"shoot folly as it flies,"
 So they that travel surely must be wise.
 An instance now presents itself to view,
 I know you know it, so its nothing new.
 A noble duke who's travel'd many a year,
 Gets dev'lish wise, and sees amazing clear;
 A wit at large *salutis in statu quo*,
 Great is his knowledge at a billet doux;
 For proofs, behold, I call on lady G——,
 A well known instance of philosophy.
 'Travel for wisdom, 'tis a blessed thing,
 We are not troubled with a trav'ling k——g;
 For he that e'er delights abroad to roam,
 Will always find, nay, prove that home is home.

The PERFUMERS.

G——g they say perfumes the q——n,
 And Sh——p the pr——ce of W——es;
 How wise, how great, Gods what a scene!
 To tell in eastern tales.

* Mr. L——.

† Phaeton guider off the chariot of light.

Woodward,

Woodward, Shuter, and Weston, three wits of
the age,
Have wisely and prudently quitted the stage,
Comedians of excellent merit !
Are humbly requesting, tho' not quite the thing,
That G-rr—k, D-dd, B-nn-ft-r, L-w-s, and K—g,
Would follow them all with a spirit.

The AM-RIC-AS PETITION to his M——Y.

Most humbly request,
THAT your m——ty's wisdom and goodness of
heart
Will take into consideration,
The humble petition we serious impart,
And study the good of the nation.

Resign us, your excellence, sceptre and c——n,
Three k—gd-ms without hesitation ;
We'll make you an emp-er-or, chief of our own,
Consider of self preservation.

A N S W E R.

Loving Subjects,
G——GE thanks ye for your kind request,
Tho' thinks himself abused ;
But while with gratitude imprest
Had rather be excused.

DANCE ye Shepherds, sing ye swains,
I have found where beauty reigns ;
'Tis in yonder shady grove,
Where sits Venus queen of Love :
Young Adonis in her arms,
These are love's dissolving charms ;

Happy youth, thrice happy boy,
Long may you such bliss enjoy.

I'll to Myra wing my way,
Gods ! Why here prolong my stay ;
Cruel Cupid why so smart,
You have pierc'd my very heart.
Dearest Venus chide the youth,
That he may my anguish sooth ;
Sure no Shepherd of the plain
Can like me of—such complain:

Here I taste embitter'd glee,
Shepherds live and learn of me ;
To the winds I make my moan,
Since my charming Myra's gone :
Pleasing, raptur'd, mental-pain,
'Tis to love and love again ;
Happy me who ne'er wou'd rove
If once blest with Myra's love.

*Stanzas to Mr. AR—CH—R on gaining the 20,000*l*.
in the French Lottery.*

HAIL, fov'reign Muse, thy inspiration lend,
The flights of fancy on thy wings depend ;
Fortune the theme, the great and glorious theme,
Of which mankind all never fail to dream.

I long have dream'd, alas, 'twas but in vain,
Poets they say are never blest'd with gain ;
Yet still I boast, I can for others feel,
And bless the hand that turn'd dame Fortune's
wheel.

Ar—ch—r

Ar—ch—r, I sing the reigning lord of chance,
 Blest with the product of almighty France;
 Long may he live, accept what I impart,
 The grateful wishes of an unfeign'd heart.

To ages waft new born—immortal deeds,
 That now transpiring envious flight impedes;
 Unnumber'd acts—thy gen'rous bosom fill,
 Each rising day—beneficence distil.

Ye misers who true bliss can ne'er discern,
 Here ghastly fiends—the bright example learn;
 Fortune her gifts on wretches ne'er bestow,
 The maxim plain, here free—in numbers flow:
 Oh may that soul whose works in life's sincere,
 Be blest with thousands current every year.

Honi soit qui mal y pense.

*Written when at Eaton College, at the Request of a
 young Nobleman.*

LET me tell ye, song writing so common is
 grown,
 Ev'ry day there's a something to please the dull
 town,
 And since that mankind is with writing possess'd,
 I think for to scribble as well as the best;
 Tho' perhaps the contents may create ** ***,
 For the subject shall be, upon what? why, ** ***.

There's little ****, 'tis very well known;
 He slew great **** with one single ****;
 Tho' when he *** folded in ****'s ****'s,
 He presented *** two I can prove by his *****;
 And while he was writing 'em, oh, fie, ****,
 All the time was a **** of B***** ****.

Here's ***** next who was reckon'd so wise,
 But his wisdom lays where? why, b***** a
 m****'s ****;
 Was the R***** alive, how his wisdom I'd
 l*****;
 For writing such stuff to fill up the *****;
 Read his P***** and S****, and they'll tell ye
 quite *****;
 All was v***** under the **** but * *****.

There's *** let me tell ye, 'tis true and no lie,
 When his w*** of a w** bid him *** and
 die;
 No, begad utter'd *** h*** yourself here's a ***,
 D'ye think you old **** that I'd displease the
 l***;
 So prithy be quiet, and don't me ****,
 Or I'll ***y to the l*** for to *** * your ***.

Now from S*** I've prov'd it quite plain without
 doubt,
 That * **** is a subject divine and dovout;
 Pope, Churchill and Swift, by a sentiment given,
 Without it cou'd ne'er reach the **** of *****:
 If the laurel reigns there, I'll be placed in the —,
 Good — when I, —, let me d — in — —.

R—S's R O O M.

TWO grave politicians once chanced to meet,
 At the top of Old Bedlam in Bishopsgate-
 Street;
 With manners quite gentle, to say did presume,
 The nation was settled in R—g—r's room.

O'er porter so sweet,
 Great armies are beat,
 Nay, the world and its powerful doom;
 Is subdued in a minute,
 Like air's on the spinnet,
 So agile is R—g—rs's room.

France, Holland and Spain,
 With their trade on the main,
 In a moment's eclips'd in their bloom;
 Brave General Howe,
 And his army I vow,
 Are quarter'd in R—g—rs's Room.

Next parish affairs
 Is the chief of their cares,
 Each Nabob his titles assume;
 And the noble churchwarden,
 Is honoured according,
 When seated in R—g—rs's room.

On such politicians,
 In various conditions,
 When breathing Virginia's perfume;
 Dryden, Otway and Rowe,
 Wou'd their talents bestow,
 From the virtue of R—g—r's Room.

The WORLD.

TIR'D of this same variegated life,
Where reign despotic troubles, care, and
strife;

Weary I sink, oppress'd with ev'ry ill,
No real pleasures can my bosom fill;
"To die, to sleep," so Hamlet breathes the strain,
Who's fond of life, but surely lives in vain.
Oh muse inspire me with—satyric plan,
To paint the follies of ambitious man;
Guide me thro' realms of sempiternal night,
To tell how wretches ev'ry vice excite;
Nothing more true as authors have express'd,
From the weak cobbler, to the pious priest,
"Man differ more from man, than man from
beast."

Each sentence noble, point me out the man,
However pious, cheats ye if he can.
Trust not that being who with fervent zeal,
Quote scripture phrases, some wou'd even steal;
We all must live, cant phrase in great esteem,
Throughout the globe still cheating is the theme.
Show me a man, an honest man indeed,
And I'll produce two birds † Arabian breed;
In all mankind this maxim you'll behold,
E'en flesh and blood forsake—for sterling gold.
Sure gangreen poison to the souls of men,
In gall, oh! muse! now let me dip my pen;

† *Phoenix, a bird of Arabia. There never is but one existing in the world, who fills its nest with spices when going to die, then with its wings sets it on fire, and out of the ashes springs another.*

And

And here describe ambition's grand career,
 That lurk in human frailty, "such speeding gear."
 The wretch who clears from soil the teeming earth,
 Wou'd feign be thought a man of mighty worth;
 Mechanic mortals would of each degree,
 In point of excellence all merchants be;
 The latter feign wou'd be a noble peer,
 Or serve the city only for a year.
 Suppose he's seated, then he's not content,
 Still, still he wants a seat in parliament;
 If that's attain'd, more lofty then he'll look,
 With from his soul he cou'd be made a duke:
 Say, 'tis obtain'd and term'd—a potent thing,
 How cou'd he hector was he but a king.
 "Wretch as thou art," dread scandal to the na-
 tion,
 Seeking simplex, the bubble reputation——.
 Friendship, ye gods, how sweet the pleasing sound;
 But pause a while! say, where 'tis to be found!
 Is it at court? or in the hermet's cell?
 Oh, no, 'tis not, philosophers can't tell.
 Shou'd you with wealth be luckily endued,
 You'll always find some being will intrude:
 My noble Sir, sweet Sir, you may depend,
 That I alone will be your steady friend;
 Crave what you will, and I'll the favour grant,
 While I'm in being you shall never want.
 Observe the turn, should fate but interfere,
 And wealth and state in whirlwinds—disappear;
 Go, seek your friend, who promis'd mighty deeds,
 Unfold your story, tell him all your needs:
 Bless me, 'tis you, I scarcely know you, Sir,
 I cannot serve you, begging I aver;
 Excuse me, pray, displeasure else incur.
 This is the world, and all its grand delusion,
 A very chaos, bubble, and confusion;

Deceit

Deceit and guile affect the human race,
 And Janus like, assume a double face.
 Self preservation ev'ry where you'll find,
 Trace all the deeds and foibles—of mankind;
 And shou'd its fame in volumes be exprest,
 I hold with Gay, "That life is but a jest."

On Mrs. HARTLY.

GODDESS Hartly, queen of love,
 Nymph of balmy kisses;

Hear a swain enraptur'd prove

Your resurgent blisses.

Venus of the present age

Every glance inviting;

When resplendent on the stage,

Features how delighting.

Cupids darting from your eyes,

Like the rosy morning;

Usher'd by the starry skies,

Ev'ry nerve's adorning:

Feather'd songsters in the vale,

Chaunting rural numbers;

Wake ye shepherd's of the Dale,

Who at beauty slumbers.

Flowing tresses deck thy charms,

Queen of transient beauty,

Cupid, Cupid, to your arms,

Mind thy wonted duty;

Shoot that swain on yonder hill

With deliberation,

Wound him sore, but do not kill,

Treat him with sensation.

LIFE.

L I F E.

GREAT with importance in this land of strife,
 Suppose I give a specimen of life;
 'Tis to be gay, profusely gay—I mean,
 And as Quick tells ye wise, and “d-vl—h keen.”
 Frequent the H-mm-m’s, L-vej-y’s, with a spirit,
 Life’s grand academy for lads of merit:
 To keep it up, and roar, a catch, half d—k,
 Bravo ye cry, then sally to a p——.
 First crack a lamp, there’s sterling wit in that;
 Beat watchmen, bully, low, exceeding flat:
 Waiter! waiter! fill the jolly bowl;
 Go on sweet youth, and tell ’em you’re a soul;
 I know ye all well read in nature’s book,
 This, this is life, and what ye call a buck.
 Amongst the great, what diff’rent scenes we see,
 Life to perfection, life is all their plea;
 Bon Ton the phrase, ’tis to enhance great betts,
 Drink, w—ch and gamble, never pay your debts;
 To wed is vulgar, say, tho’ shou’d it be,
 ’Tis quite polite for never to agree;
 Wish to be single, e’er the infection spreads,
 After six days be sure ye part your beds;
 Sue for divorce, invoke the wish’d for summons,
 And bring your lady up to Doctor’s Commons.
 Balls, masquerades, enchanting scenes of bliss,
 Dear Carlisle House, Cornelys’ never miss;
 This too is life; and you ye smiling fair,
 In such adventures never fail to share.
 Behold, replete, a certain noble duchess †,
 Splendid in dress, observe her pride for such is,

† *Duchess of Devonshire.*

Stalking

Stalking thro' life, high bred, in full career,
 A first rate female, place her in the rear;
 Onward she wafts, mid pleasure, cares and toils,
 And as at cards, deals out her wanton smiles;
 At court shines forth the heroine of true ton,
 Vers'd in a dance, delightful cotillion;
 Learn'd in the science, ombre, sweet quadrille;
 The sex love gambling, treat it as ye will:
 In vis-a-vis sits sov'reign of her lord,
 Victim to stratagems decoy'd abroad.
 Bath, Bristol, Margate, in the transports share,
 Oh, taste the waters and forget your care.
 Delightful Tunbridge, how shall I relate
 Thy pristine virtues in their present state;
 Where many a cuckold sits with heart at rest,
 Contented he, and thinks himself quite—blest,
 He knows no better—there remains the jest. }
 Silvia trips here, whose easy virtue's spread,
 And strange—regains a long lost m—d—n—d.
 Coquets and prudes, wives, widows, maids of grace,
 Intrigue, game, rattle, — 'tis a common case.
 Yes, this is life, high life; here reader pause;
 Oh! such an age for popular applause.
 Ye erring mortals, whose unmeaning breasts,
 Mistaken notions, vividly ——— infests;
 Learn to be wise, improve each new-born day,
 Remember man's no more than lifeless clay.

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F I N I S